

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Duty"

[Chorus:]

Duty is called, I'm leaving you once more  
I will be back, right back when I'm off from the tour  
The tour is your  
Duty is called for the raw and the raw one is me  
It's me you see  
All of them told me "Kris you're too old b"  
When they step to the mic  
None of them could hold me

Rhymes never running out, you know what KRS about  
I'm all up in the game like Jordan when his tongue is out  
The streets is mine these youngins busting is buggin out  
You don't see no stars when the sun is out I'm coming out  
Who you think the sun round here?  
All that soft thug pop shit know but don't get done round here  
I'm only making my uniqueness kris-style clear  
So your head, I don't have to put a missile there  
I do preach peace tho, I am hip hop  
But when the Glock pops your brain goes into a dropbox  
I keep the crowd jumping like hopscotch in the party  
I'm the dopest emcee and I'm dressed like anybody  
I show up, wanna fight, unshaven naughty  
Battle a platinum rapper and take his Bugatti  
Sell it in the hood, provide for everybody  
Next week another rapper giving up a Ferrari

[Chorus]

What they call dope today is wack, I'm sorry  
I'm raw, sushi style I spit the wasabi  
I'm at the corner store, gas station shopping  
Go "where these other rappers really be at I don't know"  
But everywhere our crews at people want the boom bap  
Boom bap and we ain't taking nothing from no new cats  
But KRS-One I come from where your shoes at  
Where your soul at, this that real street new jack  
Who's that, the masta with the blasta  
I don't write song for cash, I write songs that last  
They call me the teacher cuz I'm from a different class  
I preserve hip hop  
These are the two kings, these are the greatest  
These youngers claiming king and ain't even made this  
When the true king touchdown you know it  
No talk, no hype, just skills and we show it

[Chorus]

